COW-CHACE,

IN THREE CANTOS,

Publiſhed on Occaſion of the

REBEL General WAYNE's

ATTACK OF THE

REFUGEES BLOCK-HOUSE

ON HUDSON's RIVER,

On FRIDAY the 21ſt of JULY, 1780.

NEW-YORK:
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MDCCLXXX.

COW-CHACE.

CANTO I.

ELIZABETH-TOWN, *Auguſt* 1, 1780.

TO drive the kine, one ſummer's morn,
The TANNER took his way;
The Calf ſhall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

And *Wayne* deſcending Steers ſhall know,
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind in ev'ry low
The tanning of his hide.

Yet *Bergen* Cows ſtill ruminate
Unconſcious in the ſtall,
What mighty means were uſed to get
And loſe them after all.

For

For many heroes bold and brave
From *New Bridge* and *Tapaan*,
And thoſe that drink *Paſſaick*'s wave,
And thoſe that eat ſoupaan,

And ſons of diſtant *Delaware*,
And ſtill remoter *Shannon*,
And Major *Lee* with horſes rare,
And *Proctor* with his cannon.

All wond'rous proud in arms they came,
What hero could refuſe
To tread the rugged path to fame
Who had a pair of ſhoes?

At ſix the hoſt, with ſweating buff,
Arriv'd at Freedom's Pole,
When *Wayne*, who thought he'd time enough,
Thus ſpeechified the whole:

O ye whom glory doth unite,
Who freedom's cauſe eſpouſe,
Whether the wing that's doom'd to fight,
Or that to drive the Cows,

Ere

Ere yet you tempt your further way,
Or into action come,
Hear, ſoldiers, what I have to ſay,
And take a pint of rum;

Intemp'rate valour then will ſtring
Each nervous arm the better,
So all the land ſhall IO ſing,
And read the Gen'ral's letter.

Know that ſome paltry Refugees,
Whom I've a mind to fight,
Are playing H-ll among the trees
That grow on yonder height.

Their fort and block-houſes we'll level,
And deal a horrid ſlaughter;
We'll drive the ſcoundrels to the devil,
And raviſh wife and daughter.

I, under cover of th' attack,
Whilſt you are all at blows,
From *Engliſh Neighb'rood* and *Tinack*
Will drive away the Cows:

For

For well you know the latter is
The ſerious operation,
And fighting with the Refugees
Is only demonſtration.

His daring words from all the crowd
Such great applauſe did gain,
That every man declar'd aloud
For ſerious work with *Wayne*.

Then from the caſk of rum once more
They took a heady gill,
When one and all they loudly ſwore
They'd fight upon the hill.

But here---the Muſe has not a ſtrain
Befitting ſuch great deeds,---
Huzza, they cried, Huzza for *Wayne*,
And ſhouting——did their *needs*.

End of Canto I.

CANTO II.

CANTO II.

NEAR his meridian pomp the ſun
Had journey'd from the hor'zon,
When fierce the duſky tribe mov'd on
Of heroes drunk as poiſon.

The ſounds confus'd of boaſting oaths
Re-echoed through the wood,
Some vow'd to ſleep in dead men's cloathes,
And ſome to ſwim in blood.

At *Irvine*'s nod 'twas fine to ſee
The left prepare to fight,
The while the drovers, *Wayne* and *Lee*,
Drew off upon the right.

Which *Irvine* 'twas Fame don't relate,
Nor can the Muſe aſſiſt her,
Whether 'twas he that cocks a hat,
Or he that gives a clyſter.

For great'y one was ſignaliz'd
That fought at *Cheſnut-Hill*,
And *Canada* immortaliz'd
The Vender of the Pill.

Yet the attendance upon *Proctor*
They both might have to boaſt of;
For there was buſineſs for the Doctor,
And hats to be diſpoſed of.

Let none uncandidly infer,
That *Stirling* wanted ſpunk,
The ſelf-made Peer had ſure been there,
But that the Peer was drunk.

But turn we to the *Hudſon*'s banks,
Where ſtood the modeſt train,
With purpoſe firm, tho' ſlender ranks,
Nor car'd a pin for *Wayne*.

For them the unrelenting hand
Of Rebel fury drove,
And tore from ev'ry genial band,
Of friendſhip and of love.

And ſome within a dungeon's gloom;
By mock tribunals laid,
Had waited long a cruel doom,
Impending o'er their heads.

Here one bewails a brother's fate,
There one a ſire demands,
Cut off alas! before their date
By ignominious hands.

And ſilver'd grandſires here appear'd,
In deep diſtreſs ſerene,
Of reverend manners that declar'd
The better days they'd ſeen.

Oh curs'd Rebellion, theſe are thine,
Thine are theſe tales of woe,
Shall at thy dire inſatiate ſhrine
Blood never ceaſe to flow?

And now the foe began to lead
His forces to th'attack;
Balls whiſtling unto balls ſucceed,
And make the block-houſe crack.

No ſhot could paſs, if you will take
The Gen'ral's word for true;
But 'tis a d----ble miſtake,
For ev'ry ſhot went through.

The firmer as the Rebels preſs'd
The loyal heroes ſtand;
Virtue had nerv'd each honeſt breaſt,
And induſtry each hand.

"In (1) Valour's phrenzy, *Hamilton*
"Rode like a ſoldier big,
"And Secretary *Harriſon*,
"With pen ſtuck in his wig."

"But leaſt their Chieftain *Waſhington*
"Should mourn them in the mumps, (2)
"The fate of *Withrington* to ſhun,
"They fought behind the ſtumps."

But

(1) Vide Lee's Trial.
(2) A diſorder prevalent in the Rebel lines.
"The merit of theſe lines, which is doubtleſs very
"great, can only be felt by true conniſſeurs converſant
"in ancient ſong."

But ah, *Thadæus Poſſet*, why
Should thy poor ſoul elope,
And why ſhould *Titus Hooper* die,
Ah die—without a rope!

Apoſtate *Murphy*, thou to whom
Fair *Shela* ne'er was cruel,
In death, ſhalt hear her mourn thy doom,
Auch would you die my jewel?

Thee *Nathan Pumpkin* I lament,
Of melancholy fate,
The Grey Gooſe ſtolen as he went,
In his heart's blood was wet.

Now as the fight was further fought,
And balls began to thicken,
The fray aſſum'd the Gen'ral's thought,
The colour of a licking.

Yet undiſmay'd the Chiefs command,
And to redeem the day,
Cry, SOLDIERS CHARGE! they hear, they ſtand,
They turn and run away.

End of Canto II.

CANTO III.

NOT all delights the bloody ſpear,
Or horrid din of battle,
There are, I'm ſure, who'd like to hear
A word about the cattle.

The Chief whom we beheld of late,
Near *Schralenberg* haranguing,
At *Yan Van Poop*'s unconſcious ſat
Of *Irvine*'s hearty banging,

Whilſt valiant *Lee*, with courage wild,
Moſt bravely did oppoſe
The tears of woman and of child,
Who begg'd he'd leave the cows.

But *Wayne*, of ſympathizing heart,
Required a relief
Not all the bleſſings could impart
Of battle or of beef;

For

For now a prey to female charms,
His ſoul took more delight in
A lovely *HAMADRYAD's arms,
Than cow-driving or fighting;

A nymph, the REFUGEES had drove
Far from her native tree,
Juſt happen'd to be on the move,
When up came *Wayne* and *Lee*.

She in mad *Anthony*'s fierce eye
The hero ſaw pourtray'd,
And all in tears ſhe took him by
——The bridle of his jade;

Hear, ſaid the nymph, O great commander!
No human lamentations;
The trees you ſee them cutting yonder
Are all my near relation's.

And

* A Deity of the Woods.

And I, forlorn! implore thine aid
To free the ſacred grove;
So ſhall thy proweſs be repaid
With an immortal's love.

Now ſome, to prove ſhe was a goddeſs,
Said this enchanting Fair
Had late retired from the *Bodies*,†
In all the pomp of war;

That drums and merry fifes had play'd
To honour her retreat,
And *Cunningham* himſelf convey'd
The lady thro' the ſtreet.

Great *Wayne*, by ſoft compaſſion ſway'd,
To no enquiry ſtoops,
But takes the fair afflicted maid
Right into *Yan Van Poop*'s.

So

† A cant appellation given amongſt the ſoldiery to the corps that has the honour to guard his Majeſty's perſon.

So *Roman Anthony*, they ſay,
Diſgrac'd th'imperial banner,
And for a gipſy loſt a day,
Like *Anthony* the TANNER.

The HAMADRYAD had but half
Receiv'd redreſs from *Wayne*,
When drums and colours, cow and calf,
Came down the road amain.

All in a cloud of duſt were ſeen
The ſheep, the horſe, the goat,
The gentle heifer, aſs obſcene,
The yearling and the ſhoat;

And pack-horſes with fowls came by,
Befeather'd on each ſide,
Like PEGASUS, the horſe that I
And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his ſtirrups roſe
The mighty *Lee* behind,
And drove the terror-ſmitten cows
Like chaff before the wind.

But ſudden ſee the woods above
Pour down another corps;
All helter ſkelter in a drove,
Like that I ſung before.

Irvine and terror in the van
Came flying all abroad,
And cannon, colours, horſe and man,
Ran tumbling to the road.

Still as he fled, 'twas *Irvine*'s cry,
And his example too,
"Run on, my merry men all"—For why?
† The ſhot will not go thro'!

As when two kennels in the ſtreet,
Swell'd with a recent rain,
In guſhing ſtreams together meet,
And ſeek the neighbouring drain;

So

† Five Refugees ('tis true) were found
Stiff on the block-houſe floor,
But then 'tis thought the ſhot went round,
And in at the back door.

So met theſe dung-born tribes in one,
As ſwift in their career,
And ſo to *Newbridge* they ran on,---
But all the cows got clear.

Poor Parſon *Caldwell*, all in wonder,
Saw the returning train,
And mourn'd to *Wayne* the lack of plunder,
For them to ſteal again:

For 'twas his right to ſeize the ſpoil and
To ſhare with each commander,
As he had done at *Staten-Iſland*,
With froſt-bit *Alexander*.*

In his diſmay the frantic prieſt
Began to grow prophetic,
You had ſwore, to ſee his lab'ring breaſt,
He'd taken an emetic.

I view a future day, ſaid he.
Brighter than this day dark is,
And you ſhall ſee what you ſhall ſee,
Ha! ha! one pretty Marquis;

* Lord Stirling.

And he ſhall come to *Paulus-Hook*,
And great atchievements think on,
And make a bow and take a look,
Like SATAN over *Lincoln*.

And all the land around ſhall glory
To ſee the *Frenchman* caper,
And pretty *Suſan** tell the ſtory
In the next *Chatham* paper.

This ſolemn prophecy, of courſe,
Gave all much conſolation,
Except to *Wayne*, who loſt his horſe
Upon the great occaſion.

His horſe that carried all his prog,
His military ſpeeches,
His corn-ſtalk whiſky for his grog,
Blue ſtockings and brown breeches.

And now I've clos'd my epic ſtrain,
I tremble as I ſhew it,
Leſt this ſame warrio-drover, *Wayné*,
Should ever catch the poet.

FINIS.

* Miſs Livingſton.

Yankee Doodle's

EXPEDITION to RHODE-ISLAND,

WRITTEN at PHILADELPHIA.

FROM *Lewis* Monſieur *Gerard* came
To Congreſs in this town, Sir,
They bow'd to him, and he to them,
And then they all ſat down, Sir,
CHORUS. *Yankee Doodle, &c.*

Begar, ſaid Monſieur, one grand *Coup*
You ſhall *bientot* behold, Sir.
This was believ'd as Goſpel true,
And JONATHAN *felt bold, Sir.*

So Yankee Doodle did forget
The ſound of *Britiſh* drum, Sir,
How oft it made him quake and ſweat
In ſpite of Yankee Rum, Sir.

He

He took his wallet on his back,
His rifle on his ſhoulder,
And *veow'd* Rhode-Iſland to attack
Before he was much older.

In dread array their tatter'd crew
Advanc'd with colours ſpread Sir,
Their fifes play'd Yankee Doodle doo,
King *Hancock* at their head Sir.

What numbers bravely croſs'd the ſeas
I cannot well determine,
A ſwarm of Rebels and of fleas,
And every other vermin.

Their mighty hearts might ſhrink they tho't,
For all fleſh only graſs is,
A plenteous ſtore they therefore brought
Of Whiſky and Molaſſes.

They ſwore they'd make bold Pigot ſqueak,
So did their *good* Ally, Sir,
And take him priſoner in a week,
But that was all *my eye*, Sir.

As JONATHAN ſo much deſir'd
To ſhine in martial ſtory,
D'Eſtaing with politeſſe retir'd,
To leave him all the glory.

He left him what was better yet,
At leaſt it was more uſe, Sir,
He left him for a quick retreat,
A very good excuſe, Sir.

To ſtay, unleſs he rul'd the ſea,
He thought would not be right, Sir,
And continental troops, ſaid he,
On iſlands ſhould not fight, Sir.

Another cauſe with theſe combin'd
To throw him in the dumps, Sir,
For CLINTON's name alarm'd his mind,
And made him ſtir his ſtumps, Sir.

Sing Yankee Doodle Doodle doo.

ON THE AFFAIR BETWEEN THE

REBEL GENERALS

HOWE AND GADDESDEN,

Written at *Charleſtown.*

IT was on Mr. *Percy*'s land,
At Squire *Rugeley*'s corner,
Great H and G met, ſword in hand,
Upon a point of honour.
Yankee Doodle, doodle doo, &c.

G went before with Col'nel E
Together in a carriage,
On horſeback followed H and P,
As if to ſteal a marriage.

On *choſen* ground they now alight,
For battle duly harneſs'd,
A *ſhady* place, and *out* of *ſight*,
It ſhew'd they were in *earneſt*.

They

They met, and in the uſual way,
With hat in hand ſaluted,
Which was, no doubt, to ſhew how they
Like *Gentlemen* diſputed.

And then they both together made
This honeſt declaration,
That they came there—by *honor* led;
But—not by *inclination*.

That if they fought, 'twas not becauſe
Of rancour, ſpite or paſſion,
But only to obey the laws
Of cuſtom and of faſhion.

The piſtols then, *before their eyes*,
Were fairly prim'd and loaded!
H wiſh'd, and ſo did G likewiſe,
The cuſtom was exploded!

But as they now had gone ſo far
In ſuch a *bloody buſineſs*,
For action ſtraight they both prepare
With---mutual forgiveneſs.

But leſt their courage ſhould exceed
The bounds of moderation,
Between the ſeconds 'twas agreed
To fix them each a ſtation.

The diſtance ſtepp'd by Colonel P,
'Twas only eight ſhort paces,
Now, gentlemen, ſays Colonel P,
Be ſure---to keep your places.

Quoth H to G—Sir, pleaſe to fire,
Quoth G—no, pray begin, Sir;
And, truly, one muſt needs admire
The temper they were in, Sir!

We'll fire both at once, ſaid he,
And ſo they both preſented;
No anſwer was returned by G,
But ſilence, Sir, conſented.

They *paus'd* awhile, theſe gallant foes,
By turns politely grinning,
Till after many cons and pros,
H made a *briſk* beginning.

He miſs'd his *mark*, but not his *aim*,
The ſhot was well directed;
It ſav'd them both from *hurt* and *ſhame*;
What more could be expected!

Then G, to ſhew he meant no harm,
But hated jars and jangles,
His piſtol fired, acroſs his arm,
From H—almoſt angles.

H now was call'd upon by G
To fire another ſhot, Sir,
He *ſmil'd*, and---" after this" quoth he,
" No, truly, I cannot, Sir."

Such honour did they both diſplay,
They highly were commended;
And thus, in ſhort, this gallant fray
Without miſchance was ended.

No freſh diſpute, we may ſuppoſe,
Will e'er by them be ſtarted,
For now the Chiefs, no longer foes,
Shook hands, and---ſo they parted.

Yankee doodle, doodle doo, &c.

THE

AMERICAN TIMES,

A SATIRE,

IN THREE PARTS.

IN WHICH ARE DELINEATED

The Characters of the Leaders of the American Rebellion.

AMONGST THE PRINCIPAL ARE

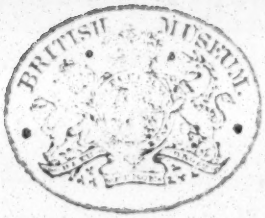
FRANKLIN,	JAY,	PULASKI,	WASHINGTON,
LAURENS,	DUER,	WITHERSPOON,	ROBERDEAU,
ADAMS,	DUANE,	REED,	MORRIS,
HANCOCK,	WILSON,	M'KEAN,	CHASE, &c.

BY CAMILLO QUERNO, #

POET-LAUREAT TO THE CONGRESS.

FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUM. JUVENAL.

The Rev.d Mr Odell


BRITISH MUSEUM

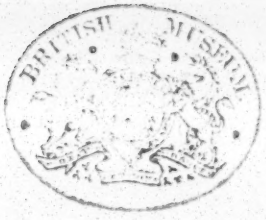
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE maſters of Reaſon have decided, that when doctrines and practices have been fairly examined, and proved to be contrary to Truth, and injurious to Society, then and not before may Ridicule be lawfully employed in the ſervice of Virtue.

This is exactly the caſe of the grand American Rebellion; it has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting: able writers have expoſed its principles, its conduct, and its final aim. Reaſon has done her part, and therefore this is the legitimate moment for Satire.

Accordingly the following Piece is offered to the Public. What it is found to want of Genius, the Author cannot ſupply; what it may want of Correction, he hopes the candor of the Public will excuſe on account of the fugitive nature of the ſubject: next year the publication would be too late; for in all probability there will then be no Congreſs exiſting.

THE


BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

AMERICAN TIMES.

PART I.

WHEN Faction, pois'nous as the ſcorpion's ſting,
Infects the people and inſults the King:
When foul Sedition ſkulks no more conceal'd,
But graſps the ſword and ruſhes to the field;
When Juſtice, Law, and Truth are in diſgrace,
And Treaſon, Fraud, and Murder fill their place;
Smarting beneath accumulated woes,
Shall we not dare the tyrants to expoſe?
We will, we muſt—tho' mighty Laurens frown,
Or Hancock with his rabble hunt us down;
Champions of virtue, we'll alike diſdain
The guards of Waſhington, the lies of Payne;
And greatly bear, without one anxious throb,
The wrath of Congreſs, or its lords the mob.

Bad

Bad are the Times, almoſt too bad to paint;
The whole head ſickens, the whole heart is faint;
The ſtate is rotten, rotten to the core,
'Tis all one bruize, one putrifying ſore.
Here Anarchy before the gaping croud
Proclaims the people's majeſty aloud;
There Folly runs with eagerneſs about,
And prompts the cheated populace to ſhout;
Here paper-dollars meagre Famine holds,
There votes of Congreſs Tyranny unfolds;
With doctrines ſtrange in matter and in dreſs,
Here founds the pulpit, and there groans the preſs;
Confuſion blows her trump—and far and wide
The noiſe is heard—the plough is thrown aſide;
The awl, the needle, and the ſhuttle drops;
Tools change to ſwords, and camps ſucceed to ſhops;
The doctor's gliſter-pipe, the lawyer's quill,
Transform'd to guns, retain the power to kill;
From garrets, cellars, ruſhing thro' the ſtreet,
The new-born ſtateſmen in committee meet;
Legions of ſenators infeſt the land,
And muſhroom generals thick as muſhrooms ſtand.

Ye weſtern climes, where youthful plenty ſmil'd,
Ye plains juſt reſcued from the dreary wild,
Ye cities juſt emerging into fame,
Ye minds new ting'd with learning's ſacred flame,

Ye people wondering at your ſwift increaſe,
Sons of united liberty and peace,
How are your glories in a moment fled?
See! Pity weeps, and honour hangs his head.

O! for ſome magic voice, ſome pow'rful ſpell,
To call the Furies from profoundeſt hell;
Ariſe, ye Fiends, from dark Cocytus' brink,
Soot all my paper, ſulphurize my ink;
So with my theme the colours ſhall agree,
Brimſtone and black the livery of Lee.

They come, they come!—convulſive heaves the ground,
Earth opens—Lo! they pour, they ſwarm around;
About me throng unnumber'd hideous ſhapes,
Infernal wolves, and bears, and hounds, and apes;
All Pandemonium ſtands reveal'd to ſight;
Good monſters, give me leave, and let me write;
They will be notic'd—Memory ſet them down,
Tho' reaſon ſtand aghaſt, and order frown.

Whence, and what art thou, execrable form,
Rough as a bear, and roaring as a ſtorm?
Ay, now I know thee—*Livingſton art thou—
Gall in thy heart, and malice on thy brow;

* *Late a Lawyer, now the rebel Governor of New Jerſey.*

Coward, yet cruel—zealous, yet profane;
Havoc, and ſpoil, and ruin are thy gain:
Go, glut like Death thy vaſt unhide-bound maw,
Remorſeleſs ſwallow liberty and law;
At one enormous ſtroke a nation ſlay,
But thou thyſelf ſhall periſh with thy prey.

What Fiend is this of countenance acute,
More of the knave who ſeems, and leſs of brute;
Whoſe words are cutting like a ſhow'r of hail,
And blaſting as the mildew in the vale?
'Tis † Jay—to him theſe characters belong;
Sure ſenſe of right, with fix'd purſuit of wrong;
An outſide keen, where malice makes abode,
Voice of a lark and venom of a toad;
Semblance of worth, not ſubſtance he puts on,
And Satan owns him for his darling ſon.

Flit not around me thus, pernicious elf,
Whoſe love of country terminates in ſelf;
Back to the gloomy ſhades, deteſted ſprite,
Mangler of rhet'ric, enemy of right;
Curs'd of thy father, ſum of all that's baſe;
Thy ſight is odious, and thy name is * Chaſe.

† *Late a lawyer of New-York--- member and Preſident of Congreſs, &c.*
* *A lawyer of Maryland---member of Congreſs.*

What

What ſpectre's that with eyes on earth intent,
Whoſe god is gold, whoſe glory cent. per cent;
Whoſe ſoul devoted to the love of gain,
Revolts from feelings noble or humane?
Let friends, let family, let country groan,
Deſpairing widows ſhriek, and orphans moan;
Turn'd to the centre, where his riches grow,
His eye regards not ſpectacles of woe;
Morris, look up—for ſo thy name we ſpell—
On earth * Bob Morris---Mammon 'tis in hell.
Wretch, who haſt meanly ſold thy native land,
Tremble, thou wretch, for vengeance is at hand;
Soon ſhall thy treaſures fly on eagle's wings,
And Conſcience goad thee with her thouſand ſtings.

Of head erect, and ſelf-ſufficient mien,
Another † Morris preſſes to be ſeen;
Demons of vanity, you know him ſure;
This is your pupil, this is Governeur;
Some little knowledge, and ſome little ſenſe,
More affectation far, and more pretence;
Such is the man---his tongue he never balks,
On all things talkable he boldly talks;

* *A merchant of Philadelphia, the credit of whoſe houſe gave the firſt ſanction to the continental currency---late a member of Congreſs.*

† *A lawyer of New-York, member of Congreſs.*

A ſpecious

A ſpecious orator of law he prates,
A pompous nothing mingles in debates;
Conſummate impudence, ſheer braſs of ſoul,
Crowns every ſentence, and completes the whole;
In other times unnotic'd he might drop,
Theſe times can make a ſtateſman of a fop.

Hail, Faction, wayward queen, whoſe charms retain
Such oppoſites---the ſordid, and the vain;
Who jar in all things elſe in thee unite,
Robert the greedy, Governeur the light;
And if another contraſt we diſplay,
Still both are thine, the ſerious and the gay.

There is a man, all ſpirit, life, and eaſe,
Whoſe native humour never fails to pleaſe;
There is a man devout, reſerv'd, auſtere,
Whoſe grave demeanor other men revere;
Theſe, whom their various turns farbad to meet,
Have met in Congreſs in communion ſweet;
There, mirth put off, and gravity reſign'd,
The two ſworn brothers ſtand in treaſon join'd;
Iö triumphe, ſing the dev'liſh fiends,
Diſcordant natures whoſe ſeduction blends.

But ſtill the queſtion agitates mankind,
Could * Duer be over-reach'd, Duane be blind?
Thy ſpritely genius, Duer, couldſt thou controul,
The flow of wit, the ſallies of the ſoul,
Abandon every muſe, and every grace,
For eminence amidſt a ſavage race?
Couldſt thou, Duane, give up thy favourite church,
And leave religion weeping in the lurch,
Bid truth and decent piety adieu,
For dire promotion o'er a godleſs crew?
In Jotham's famous apologue we read,
Not ſo the fruit-trees wiſer far decreed;
Shall we, ſaid they, our oil and wine deſert,
Which decorate the face, and chear the heart,
Quit peace and plenty, elegance and eaſe,
To reign ſcrub monarchs over barren trees?
'Twere ſtrange—but ſtranger honour to reſign,
And govern, legion-like, the herd of ſwine.

What groupe of Wizards next ſalutes my eyes,
United comrades, quadruple allies?
† Boſtonian Cooper, with his Hancock join'd,
Adams with Adams, one in heart and mind;

Sprung

* Duer and Duane, lawyers of New-York---members of Congreſs ---amiable in the former part of their lives, now alas, how changed!

† Cooper, Hancock, and the two Adams's---of the firſt of theſe only it can be neceſſary to ſay any thing: Dr. Cooper is a congregational

Sprung from the ſoil, where witches ſwarm'd of yore,
They come well ſkill'd in necromantic lore;
Intent on miſchief, buſily they toil,
The magic cauldron to prepare and boil;
Array'd in ſable veſts, and caps of fur,
With wands of ebony the meſs they ſtir;
See! the ſmoke riſes from the curſed drench,
And poiſons all the air with horrid ſtench.

Celeſtial muſe, I fear 'twill make thee hot,
To count the vile ingredients of the pot;
Dire incantations, words of death, they mix,
With noxious plants, and Water from the Styx;
Treaſon's rank flow'rs, ambition's ſwelling fruits,
Hypocriſy in ſeeds, and fraud in roots,
Bundles of lies freſh gather'd in their prime,
And ſtalks of calumny grown ſtale with time,
Handfuls of zeal's intoxicating leaves,
Riot in bunches, cruelty in ſheaves,
Slices of cunning cut exceeding thin,
Kernels of malice, rotten cores of ſin,
Branches of perſecution, boughs of thrall,
And ſprigs of ſuperſtition, dipt in gall,

gational miniſter of Boſton, and the oracle of thoſe few Rebels, who are in the ſecret of affairs- --If a human being can take delight in having been the author of miſery, this man muſt be one of the happieſt in the creation.

Opium

Opium to lull, or madden all the throng,
And aſſa-fœtida profuſely ſtrong,
Milk from Tiſiphone's infernal breaſt,
Herbs of all venom, drugs of every peſt,
With minerals from the centre brought by Gnomes,
All ſeethe together till the furnace foams.

Was this the potion, this the draught deſign'd,
To cheat the croud, and faſcinate mankind?
O void of reaſon they, who thus were caught;
O loſt to virtue, who ſo cheap were bought;
O folly, which all folly ſure tranſcends,
Such bungling ſorc'rers to account as friends.

Yet tho' the frantic populace applaud,
'Tis ſatire's part to ſtigmatize the fraud;
Exult, ye jugglers, in your lucky tricks,
Yet on your fame the laſting brand we'll fix;
Cheat male and female, poiſon age and youth,
Still we'll purſue you with the goad of truth;
Whilſt in mid-heav'n ſhines forth the golden flame,
Hancock and Adams ſhall be words of ſhame;
Whilſt ſilver beams the face of night adorn,
Cooper of Boſton ſhall be held in ſcorn.

Strike up hell's muſic, roar infernal drums,
Diſcharge the cannon—Lo! the warrior comes—

He

He comes not tame as on Ohio's banks,
But rampant at the head of ragged ranks,
Hunger and itch are with him—*Gates and Wayne,
And all the lice of Egypt in his train;
Sure theſe are Falſtaff's ſoldiers, poor and bare,
Or elſe the rotten regiments of Rag-fair;
Bid the French generals to their chief advance,
And grace his ſuite—O ſhame! they're fled to France.

Wilt thou, great chief of Freedom's lawleſs ſons,
Great captain of the weſtern Goths and Huns,
Wilt thou for once permit a private man
To parley with thee, and thy conduct ſcan?
At Reaſon's bar has Cataline been heard,
At Reaſon's bar e'en Cromwell has appear'd;
Succeſsleſs, or ſucceſsful, all muſt ſtand
At her tribunal with uplifted hand;
Severe, but juſt, the caſe ſhe fairly ſtates,
And fame or infamy her ſentence waits.

Hear thy indictment, Waſhington, at large;
Attend and liſten to the ſolemn charge:
Thou haſt ſupported an atrocious cauſe
Againſt thy King, thy country, and the laws;

* Gates and Wayne, rebel generals---the former, one of the moſt ungrateful Engliſhmen; the latter, one of the moſt ſanguinary Americans.

Committed

Committed perjury, encourag'd lies,
Forc'd conſcience, broken the moſt ſacred ties;
Myriads of wives and fathers at thy hand
Their ſlaughter'd huſbands ſlaughter'd ſons demand:
That paſtures hear no more the lowing kine,
That towns are deſolate all all is thine;
The frequent ſacrilege that pain'd my ſight,
The blaſphemies my pen abhors to write.
Innumerable crimes on thee muſt fall,
For thou maintaineſt thou defendeſt all.

Wilt thou pretend that Britain is in fault?
In Reaſon's court a falſehood goes for nought.
Will it avail, with ſubterfuge refin'd
To ſay, ſuch deeds are foreign to thy mind?
Wilt thou aſſert that generous and humane
Thy nature ſuffers at another's pain?
He who a band of ruffians keeps to kill,
Is he not guilty of the blood they ſpill?
Who guards * M'Kean, and Joſeph Reed the vile
Help'd he not murder Roberts and Carliſle?
So, who protects committees in the chair,
In all their ſhocking cruelties muſt ſhare.

* M'Kean and Reed; the former rebel chief juſtice, the latter rebel Preſident of Pennſylvania, who murdered, under the form of law, Roberts and Carliſle, both quakers, and virtuous, inoffenſive, unreſiſting citizens.

What could, when half-way up the hill to fame,
Induce thee to go back, and link with ſhame?
Was it ambition, vanity, or ſpite,
That prompted thee with Congreſs to unite;
Or did all three within thy boſom roll,
" Thou heart of hero with a traitor's ſoul?"
Go, wretched author of thy country's grief,
Patron of villainy, of villains chief,
Seek with thy curſed crew the central gloom,
Ere Truth's avenging ſword begin thy doom;
Or ſudden vengeance of celeſtial dart
Precipitate thee with augmented ſmart.

O Poet, ſeated on the lofty throne,
Forgive the bard who makes thy words his own;
Surpriz'd I trace in thy prophetic page,
The crimes, the follies of the preſent age;
Thy ſcenery, ſayings, admirable man,
Pourtray our ſtruggle with the dark Divan:
What Michael to the firſt arch-rebel ſaid,
Would well rebuke the rebel army's head;
What Satan to th' angelic Prince replied,
Such are the words of Continental pride:
I ſwear by him, who rules the earth and ſky,
The dread event ſhall equally apply;
That Clinton's warfare is the war of God,
And Waſhington ſhall feel the vengeful rod.

THE

AMERICAN TIMES.

PART II.

WHY haſt thou ſoar'd ſo high, ambitious Muſe?
Deſcend in prudence, and contract thy views;
Not always generals offer to our aim,
By turns we muſt advert to meaner game.

Yet hard to reſcue from oblivion's graſp,
The worthleſs beetle, and the noxious aſp;
And full as hard to ſave for after-times
The names of men known only by their crimes;
Left to themſelves they ſoon would be forgot,
But yet 'tis right that rogues ſhould hang and rot.

Still, as we own, and as old ſaws relate,
Not always thrives the verſe that haunts the great;
Of rulers in America, I deem,
Swift is the change, and ſlight is the eſteem;
When * Houſton from Savannah fled of late,
Did any aſk, who took his chair of ſtate?

Let

* The rebel governor of Georgia, driven from his uſurped authority by the Britiſh forces.

Let † Henry quit, and Jefferſon ſucceed,
Let ‡ Wharton's place (who cares, be fill'd by Reed;
Who matters what of || Stirling may become,
The quinteſſence of whiſky, ſoul of rum?
Fractious till nine, quite gay at twelve o'clock,
From thence till bed-time ſtupid as a ſtock:
Theſe are ſad ſamples—but we'll cull our ſtore;
Can liberality herſelf do more?

Turn out, black monſters, let us take our choice;
What dev'liſh figure's this with dev'liſh voice?
Oh! 'tis * Pulaſki—'tis a foreign chief;
On him we'll comment—be our comment brief:
What are his merits judges may diſpute;
We'll ſolve the doubt, and praiſe him for a brute:

† *Henry and Jefferſon, rebel governors of Virginia in ſucceſſion; the latter of them ſo eminently barbarous, as to exceed the conception of a Britiſh mind.*

‡ *Wharton and Reed, rebel preſidents of Pennſylvania in ſucceſſion.*

|| *William Alexander, Eſquire, claiming the title of Earl of Stirling; a rebel general.*

* *Count Pulaſki met with his death in ſtorming Savannah, an event which happened ſeveral months after the writing this poem—the prediction contained in it has therefore been fulfilled with reſpect to the deſerved fate of this wretched man.*

No quarter, is his motto—ſweet and ſhort;
Good Britons give him a ſevere retort:
As yet he 'ſcapes the ſhot deſerv'd ſo well,
His nobler horſe in Carolina fell;
He fears not in the field where heroes bleed,
He ſtarts at nothing but a gen'rous deed.

Eſcap'd from Poland, where his murd'rous knife,
'Tis ſaid, was rais'd againſt his ſov'reign's life;
Perhaps he ſcoffs with faſhionable mirth
The notion of a God, who rules the earth:
Fool, not to ſee, that ſomething more than lot,
Conducts the traitor to this deſtin'd ſpot;
Rank with congenial crimes, that call for blood,
Where juſtice ſoon muſt pour the purple flood;
A parricide with parricides to die,
And vindicate the pow'r that reigns on high.

Who is that phantom, ſilent, pale, and ſlow,
That looks the picture of dejected woe?
Art thou not * Wilſon?—ha! doſt thou lament
Thy poiſon'd principles, thy days miſ-ſpent?

* *James Wilſon, Eſquire, born in Scotland, ſettled as a lawyer in Pennſylvania, of eminence in his profeſſion, and amiable in private life—late a member of Congreſs.*

Was

Was it thy fatal faith that led thee wrong?
Yet hadſt thou reaſon, and that reaſon ſtrong;
Judgment was thine and in no common ſhare,
That judgment cultur'd with aſſiduous care:
But all was fruitleſs; popular applauſe
Seduc'd thee to embrace an impious cauſe:
Now, or my mind deceives me, thou wouldſt fain
Thy former duty former truth regain:
Like ſome raſh boy, whom ſtrong deſire to lave,
Too daring tempts to truſt the briny wave;
But ſoon borne out to diſtance from the ſtrand,
He longs with ardour to retrieve the land:
In vain—the waves his weak endeavours ſpurn,
And rapid tides forbid him to return.

Room for a ſpectre of portentous ſhow;
Make room for triple-headed * Roberdeau:
Churchman, diſſenter, methodiſt appear,
Chairman, and congreſs-man, and brigadier;
Cerberean barker at the Stygian ford;
Where is thy bible, ſay, and where thy ſword?
Thy bible—that long ſince was wiſely loſt,
Becauſe its maxims with thy practice croſs'd;
Well, but thy weapon—was it loſt in fight?
Huſh, I remember—'twas to aid thy flight;

* *A merchant of Philadelphia, member of Congreſs.*

Of

Of braſs, lead, leather, treble is thy ſhield,
And treble tremblings ſeize thee in the field;
Treble in office, and in faith thou art,
And nothing double in thee but thy heart.

Ye prieſts of Baal, from hot Tartarean ſtoves,
Approach with all the prophets of the groves,
Meſs-mates of Jezebel's luxurious meſs,
Come in the ſplendor of pontific dreſs;
Haſte to attend your chief in ſolemn ſtate,
Haſte to attend on * Witherſpoon the great:
Ye lying ſpirits too, who briſk and bold
Appear'd before the throne divine of old,
For form not uſe augment his rev'rend train;
The fire of lies reſides within his brain.

Scotland confeſs'd him ſenſible and ſhrewd,
Auſtere and rigid; many thought him good;
But turbulence of temper ſpoil'd the whole,
And ſhow'd the movements of his inmoſt ſoul:
Diſclos'd machinery loſes of its force;
He felt the fact, and weſtward bent his courſe.

Princeton receiv'd him bright amidſt his flaws,
And ſaw him labour in the good old cauſe;

* *Doctor of Divinity—member of Congreſs.*

Saw

Saw him promote the meritorious work,
The hate of Kings, and glory of the Kirk.

Excuſe each reverend Caledonian ſeer,
Whoſe worth I own, whoſe learning I revere;
Your duty to the Prince who fills the throne,
Your liberal ſentiments are fully known;
Here in theſe lands ſtart up a ſpurious brood,
And boaſt themſelves allied to you in blood;
Think it not hard their faults if I condemn;
'Tis not with you I combat, but with them.

Return we to the hero of our ſong:
Who now but he the darling of the throng;
Known in the pulpit by ſeditious toils,
Grown into conſequence by civil broils;
Three times he tried, and miſerably fail'd,
To overſet the laws—the fourth prevail'd:
Whether as tool he acted, or as guide,
Is yet a doubt; his conſcience muſt decide;
Mean while unhappy Jerſey mourns her thrall,
Ordain'd by vileſt of the vile to fall;
To fall by Witherſpoon——O name, the curſe
Of ſound religion, and diſgrace of verſe.

Member of Congreſs we muſt hail him next;
Come out of Babylon was now his text:

Fierce

Fierce as the fierceſt, foremoſt of the firſt,
He'd rail at Kings, with venom well-nigh burſt;
Not uniformly grand—for ſome bye end
To dirtieſt acts of treaſon he'd deſcend;
I've known him ſeek the dungeon dark as night,
Impriſon'd Tories to convert or fright;
Whilſt to myſelf I've humm'd in diſmal tune,
I'd rather be a dog than Witherſpoon.
Be patient, reader—for the iſſue truſt,
His day will come——remember Heav'n is juſt.

Yes, Heav'n is juſt——what then can they expect,
Who not impell'd by violence of ſect,
Bred up in doctrines eminently pure,
Which loyalty inſtill, and peace enſure,
Yet idolize Rebellion's bleating calves,
Or meanly ſplit their principles in halves:
Half prieſt, half preſbyter, I mourn thee, * White;
Half whig, half tory, Smith, canſt thou be right?
O fools, to worſhip in forbidden ground,
O worſe than rebels, who your mother wound!

What uproar now—what hideous monſters ruſh,
Whoſe recreant looks put honour to the bluſh;

* *Rev. Mr. White, aſſiſtant miniſter of the churches at Philadelphia, and chaplain of Congreſs jointly with Mr. Duffield, a preſbyterian.*

Mixtures of pallid fear, and bloody rage,
Like Banquo's ghoſt tremendous on the ſtage;
Theſe are from Georgia, from the ſouthern ſun,
Swift as Achilles, not to fight but run;
Their hides all reeking from the Britiſh laſh—
Queer gen'rals—* Moultrie, Lincoln, Elbert, Aſh,

Bring up yon wretched ſolitary pair,
Mark'd with pride, malice, envy, rage, deſpair;
Why are you baniſh'd from your comrades, tell,
Will none endure your company in hell?
That all the Fiends avoid your ſight is plain,
Infamous † Reed, more infamous M'Kean.
Is this the order of your rank agreed;
Or is it baſe M'Kean, and baſer Reed?
Go, ſhun'd of men, diſown'd of devils, go,
And traverſe deſolate the realms of woe.

Ye pow'rs, what noiſe, what execrable yell,
How now, § Dick Peters, haſt thou emptied hell;
Legions and ſhoals of all prodigious forms,
Loud as the rattling of a thouſand ſtorms,

* *Moultrie, Lincoln, Elbert, Aſh—Rebel generals employed to the ſouthward—for their feats of arms conſult the London Gazette.*

† *Reed and M'Kean. Vide note in the firſt part of this poem.*

§ *Nephew and heir of the late Rev'd Dr. Peters of Philadelphia, and ſecretary at war to the Congreſs.*

Gorgons

Gorgons in look, and Caffres in addreſs,
Dutch, yankies, yellow-wigs for audience preſs;

Wretches, whoſe acts the very French abhor,
Commiſſioners of loans, and boards of war,
Marine committees, commiſſaries, ſcribes,
Aſſemblies, councils, ſenatorial tribes,
Vain of their titles all attention claim,
Proud of diſhonour, glorying in their ſhame:
Aſk you the names of theſe egregious wights;
I could as ſoon recount Glendower's ſprites;
Thick as muſquitos, venomouſly keen;
Thicker than locuſts, ſpoilers of the green;
Swarming like maggots, who the carcaſs ſcour
Of ſome poor ox, and as they crawl devour;
They'd mock the labour of a hundred pens:
"Back, owly-headed monſters, to your dens."

At length they're ſilenc'd—* Laurens, thou draw near;
What I ſhall utter thou attentive hear;
I loath all conference with thy boiſt'rous clan;
But now with thee I'll argue as a man.

What could incite thee, Laurens, to rebel?
Thy ſoul thou wouldſt not for a trifle ſell;

* *Late preſident of Congreſs—The writer of this piece had an opportunity of narrowly watching his conduct, and the character here given is the faithful reſult of obſervation; nevertheleſs it muſt be owned that ſome competent judges have thought the portrait too favourable.*

'Twas

'Twas not of pow'r the wild inſatiate luſt;
Miſtaken as thou art, I deem thee juſt;
Saw'ſt thou thy King tyrannically rule?
Thou couldſt not think it—thou art not a fool;
Thou waſt no bankrupt, no enthuſiaſt thou;
The clearneſs of thy fame e'en foes allow;
For months I watch'd thee with a jealous eye,
Yet could no turpitude of mind eſpy;
In private life I hold thee far from baſe;
Thy public conduct wears another face.

In thee a ſtern republican I view;
This of thy actions is the only clue:
Admit thy principles——I then demand,
Could theſe give right to deſolate a land?
Could it be right with arbitrary will,
To fine, impriſon, plunder, torture, kill!
Impoſe new oaths, make ſtubborn conſcience yield,
And force out thouſands to the bloody field?
Could it be right to do theſe monſtrous things,
Becauſe thy nature was averſe to Kings?

Well, but a ſtern republican thou art;
Heav'n grant thee ſoon to meet with thy deſert:
Thee, Laurens, foe to monarchy we call,
And thou, or legal government muſt fall:

Who wept for Cato, was not Cato's friend;
Who pitied Brutus, Brutus would offend;
So, Laurens, to conclude my grave harangue,
I would not pity tho' I ſaw thee hang.

Bleſs me! what formidable figure's this,
That interrupts my words with ſaucy hiſs?
She ſeems at leaſt a woman by her face,
With harlot ſmiles adorn'd and winning grace;
A glittering gorget on her breaſt ſhe wears;
The ſhining ſilver two inſcriptions bears;
Servant of Servants in a laurel wreath,
But Lord of Lords is written underneath:
A flowing robe that reaches to her heels,
From ſight the foulneſs of her ſhape conceals;
She holds with poiſon'd darts a quiver ſtor'd,
Circean potions, and a flaming ſword.

This is Democracy---the caſe is plain;
She comes attended by a motley train;
Addreſſes to the people ſome unfold,
Rods, ſcourges, fetters, axes, others hold;
The ſorcereſs waves her magic wand about,
And models at her will the rabble rout;
Here Violence puts on a cloſe diſguiſe,
And Public Spirit's character belies;

The dreſs of Policy ſee Cunning ſteal,
And Perſecution wear the coat of Zeal;
Hypocriſy Religion's garb aſſume,
Fraud Virtue ſtrip, and figure in her room,
With other changes tedious to relate,
All emblematic of our preſent ſtate.

She calls the nations—Lo! in crouds they ſup
Intoxication from her golden cup:
Joy to my heart, and pleaſure to my eye,
A choſen phalanx her attempts defy,
In rage ſhe riſes and her arrows throws;
O all ye ſaints and angels interpoſe:
Amazement!—every ſhaft is ſpent in vain;
The ſons of Truth inviolate remain;
Invulnerable champions, ſacred band,
Behind the ſhield of Loyalty they ſtand;
Unhurt, unſullied they maintain their ground,
And all the hoſt of heav'n their praiſes ſound.

Yet too, too many feel her baneful ſpell,
Bleed by her ſhafts, or by her venom ſwell;
The cruel plague aſſaults each vital part;
Ariſe ſome ſage of Eſculapian art;
Thee, * Inglis, wiſe phyſician, thee I urge,
Direct the diet thou, prepare the purge;

* *Rev'd Dr. Inglis, Rector of New-York—a man whoſe writings in the cauſe of Truth and Loyalty, of the King and the Conſtitution, deſerve the higheſt encomiums.*

Thou

Thou to the bottom probe the dangerous ſore,
And in the wound the friendly balſam pour;
Enough for me the cauſtic to apply,
Twinge the proud fleſh, and draw the face awry;
Thou cure the parts which I have forc'd to feel;
I make the patient ſmart, but thou canſt heal.

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AMERICAN TIMES.

PART III.

WHEN the wiſe ruler of Glubdubdrib's iſle
Had entertain'd Sir Gulliver awhile,
With various ſpectacles of ancient days,
Kings crown'd with gold, and poets deck'd with bays,
Sages with pupils, tyrants with their ſlaves,
Heroes and traitors, ſenators and knaves;
When each inſtructive leſſon was expreſs'd,
And the rich banquet had ſuffic'd the gueſt,
Then wav'd the great controuler of the dead
His magic enſign, and the viſion fled.

Have we leſs pow'r o'er that infernal crew,
Which lately paſs'd before us in review?
Our invocation ſummon'd up the pack;
Our potent word can headlong drive them back;

Ye

Ye coxcomb Congreſſmen, declaimers keen,
Briſk puppets of the Philadelphian ſcene;
Ye numerous chiefs, who can or cannot fight,
Ye curious ſcribes, who can or cannot write,
Ye lawyers, who for law confuſion teach,
Ye preachers, who for goſpel diſcord preach,
Stateſmen, who rule as none e'er rul'd before,
Mark, I diſmiſs you to the Stygian ſhore;
Away fantaſtic, viſionary throng;
Come, ſober Reaſon, and direct the ſong.

But what can Reaſon in a world like this?
For one that plauds her, millions hate and hiſs?
She ſhines 'tis true with ever-blooming charms,
Peace in her look, and pleaſure in her arms,
But not a guinea has ſhe to beſtow,
And men avoid her as a mortal foe:
Who without wealth would take her for a bride?
* James Smith from childhood has her pow'r defied;
† Hartley and ‡ Dickenſon, as beſt may ſuit,
With, or without her, by the hour diſpute;
'Tis ſaid, that once on Burgoyne's ſtrange affair,
She ſpake her mind, and made the Congreſs ſtare:

* *A lawyer and member of Congreſs—a principal member of that deteſtable convention, which ruined the valuable conſtitution of Pennſylvania.*

† *A lawyer of the ſame province, and a colorel in the rebel ſervice.*

‡ *A member of Congreſs—the reputed anthor of The Farmer's Letters.*

Perhaps with Laurens, did not Laurens ſell
His virtue for a name, ſhe'd love to dwell.

Amidſt the war of words, the roar of lungs,
The barb'rous outcry of confederate tongues,
Seditious, buſy, turbulent, and bold,
Votes to be bought, opinions to be ſold,
What chance has Reaſon?—her ſoft voice in vain
May plead, lament, expoſtulate, complain:
With heav'n-born eloquence ſhould angels ſpeak,
Againſt the criſis Heav'n itſelf were weak;
Howl, all ye fiends, and all ye devils, bawl,
* Will. Henry Drayton ſhall outdo you all.

When civil madneſs firſt from man to man
In theſe devoted climes like wildfire ran;
There were who gave the moderating hint,
In converſation ſome, and ſome in print:
Wiſely they ſpake, and what was their reward?
The tar, the rail, the priſon. and the cord.

Ev'n now there are, who bright in Reaſon's dreſs
Watch the polluted Continental preſs,
Confront the lies which Congreſs ſends abroad,
Expoſe the ſophiſtry, detect the fraud,

* *Late a member of Congreſs*; *author of many ſeditious pieces*——*ſince this poem was written he died at Philadelphia.*

Truth's

Truth's genuine maxims forcibly diſplay;
* Chandler and † Coxe are proofs of what I ſay.

But knights of old, who wander'd thro' the world,
And fell deſtruction on enchanters hurl'd,
Slew fiery dragons, giants overcame,
And ſav'd from ruin many a peerleſs dame,
Play'd not ſo deep, ſo deſperate a ſtake,
As he who draws the pen for Virtue's ſake.

For once the monſter ſlain, the ſpell was broke,
And joy ſucceeded to the daring ſtroke;
The ladies bleſs'd their lovers with their charms,
And the knight reſted from his feats of arms.

But error may not with ſuch eaſe be quell'd;
She rallies freſh her force tho' oft repell'd;
Cut, hack'd and mangled, ſhe denies to yield,
And ſtrait returns with vigour to the field:
Champions of truth, our efforts are in vain;
Faſt as we ſlay the foe revives again;
Vainly th' enchanted caſtle we ſurprize;
New monſters hiſs, and new enchantments riſe.

* *Rev'd Dr. Chandler, long ſince driven by the rebels from New-Jerſey, now reſident in England.*

† *Member of his Majeſty's Council for New-Jerſey, now reſiding in New York.*

Was

Was * Samuel Adams to become a ghoſt,
Another Adams would aſſume his poſt;
Was buſtling Hancock number'd with the dead,
Another full as wiſe might raiſe his head;
What if the ſands of Laurens now were run,
How ſhould we miſs him—has he not a ſon?
Or, what if Waſhington ſhould cloſe his ſcene,
Could none ſucceed him?—Is there not a Green?
Knave after knave as eaſy we could join,
As new emiſſions of the paper coin.
When it became the high United States
To ſend their envoys to Verſailles' proud gates,
Were not three miniſters produc'd at once,
Delicious group—fanatic, deiſt, dunce?
And what if † Lee, and what if Silas fell,
Or what if ‡ Franklin ſhould go down to hell,
Why ſhould we grieve? the land, 'tis underſtood,
Can furniſh hundreds equally as good.

When like a hill convuls'd, whoſe womb has nurs'd
Internal fires, the conſtitution burſt,

* *Of New-England, a man famous for every infamy.*
† *Lee and Silas Deane, Congreſs Commiſſioners in France.*
‡ *Dr. Franklin—"Know ye not me? ſaid Satan fill'd with ſcorn,*
"Not to know me, argues yourſelf unknown,"

What ſtrange varieties we daily ſaw,
What prodigies of policy and law!
See in committees Ignorance preſide,
Conventions met, and Folly was their guide;
Plan follow'd plan, firſt, ſecond, and the third,
More barb'rous who can ſay, or more abſurd;
With full conſent poor Reaſon was dethron'd,
The mad-man govern'd, and the wiſe man groan'd:
But why blot paper with theſe idle ſchemes?
Or why enum'rate undigeſted dreams?

Expoſe an opal to the ſolar ray,
And mark the beams that momentary play;
See the gay ſtone in mimic robes array'd,
Glow in the red or in the purple fade,
In ſwift progreſſion vary to the ſight,
And run thro' all the different modes of light.
Go then, and count the colours as they riſe;
Tell if thou canſt the numbers of the dyes;
Each combination of the fluid maſs;
Nor let the ſhifting of a ſun-beam paſs:
This once accompliſh'd, thy ſagacious pen
May note the phrenzies of impatient men,
The bands of faith, and loyalty who break,
And roam the fields of popular miſtake.

Truce

Truce with theſe flow'rs—the Times are out of joint:
Hence trifling—come we cloſer to the point;
Some muſe attendant on th'eternal King,
Truth's radiant mirror for my guidance bring;
I aſk not now the thunder, and the fire;
The ſtill ſmall voice is all that I deſire.

Stand forth Taxation—kindler of the flame;
Inexplicable queſtion, doubtful claim;
Suppoſe the right in Britain to be clear;
Britain was mad to exerciſe it here:
Call it unjuſt, or, if you pleaſe, unwiſe;
The Colonies were mad in arms to riſe;
Impolitic, and open to abuſe,
How could it anſwer, what could it produce?
No need for furious demagogues to chaſe;
America was jealous, and was ſafe;
Secure ſhe ſtood in national alarms,
And Madneſs only would have flown to arms;
Arms could not help the tribute, nor confound;
Self-ſlain it muſt have tumbled to the ground;
Impoſſible the ſcheme could e'er ſucceed;
Why lift the ſpear againſt a brittle reed?

But arm they would, ridiculouſly brave;
Good laughter ſpare me, I would fain be grave;

So

So arm they did—the knave led on the fool;
Good anger ſpare me, I would fain be cool:
Mixtures were ſeen amazing in their kind,
Extravagance with cruelty was join'd;
The preſbyterian with the convict march'd,
The meeting-houſe was thinn'd, the gaol was ſearch'd;
Servants were ſeiz'd, apprentices enroll'd;
Youth guarded not the boy, nor age the old;
Tag, rag, and bobtail iſſued on the foe,
Marſhal'd by generals—Ewin, Roberdeau.

This was not Reaſon—this was wildeſt rage,
To make the land one military ſtage:
The ſtrange reſolve obtain'd the Lord knows how;
Which forc'd the farmer to forſake the plough;
Bade tradeſmen mighty warriors to become,
And lawyers quit the parchment for the drum;
To fight they knew not why, they knew not what,
Was ſurely Madneſs—Reaſon it was not.

Next independence came, that German charm,
Of pow'r to ſave from violence and harm;
That curious olio, vile compounded diſh,
Like ſalmagundy, neither fleſh nor fiſh;
That brazen ſerpent, rais'd on Freedom's pole,
To render all who look upon it whole;

That

That half-dreſs'd idol of the weſtern ſhore;
All rags behind, all elegance before;
That conj'rer, which conveys away your gold,
And gives you paper in its ſtead to hold.

Heav'ns, how my breaſt has ſwell'd with painful throb,
To view the phrenzy of the cheated mob;
True ſons of liberty in flattering thought,
But real ſlaves to baſeſt bondage brought;
Frantic as Bacchanals in ancient times,
They ruſh'd to perpetrate the worſt of crimes;
Chas'd peace, chas'd order from each bleſs'd abode;
Whilſt Reaſon ſtood abaſh'd, and folly crow'd.

Now, now erect the rich triumphal gate;
The French alliance comes in ſolemn ſtate:
Hail to the maſter-piece of madneſs, hail;
The head of glory with a ſerpent's tail!
This ſeals, America, thy wretched doom;
Here, Liberty, ſurvey thy deſtin'd tomb;
Behold the temple of tyrannic ſway
Is now complete—ye deep-ton'd organs play;
Proclaim thro' all the land that Louis rules—
Worſhip your ſaint, ye giddy-headed fools.

Illuſtrious guardians of the laurel hill,
Excuſe this warmth, theſe ſallies of the quill;

I would

I would be temp'rate, but ſevere diſdain
Calls for the laſh whene'er I check the rein;
I would be patient, but the teazing ſmart
Of inſects makes the fiery courſer ſtart;
I wiſh'd for Reaſon in her calmeſt mood;
In vain—the cruel ſubject fires my blood.
When thro' the land the dogs of havock roar,
And the torn country bleeds in every pore,
'Tis hard to keep the ſober line of thought;
The brain turns round with ſuch ideas fraught;
Rage makes a weapon blunt as mine to pierce,
And indignation gathers in the verſe.

More yet remains of ſenſe, and honour ſtain'd,
Conventions broken, flags of truce detain'd;
A thouſand fooliſh freaks my wrath provoke,
A thouſand culprits ought to feel the ſtroke;
To treat of villains were exceeding hard,
And not to mention once thy name, * Gerard:
But 'twere the work of Hercules to ſweep
From the rank ſtable this enormous heap.

* *Late ambaſſador from the French king to the rebel Congreſs.*

Des Rois infortunés la France etait l'azile
Et montait a l'honneur par des juſtes degrès
A l'heure que je parle elle a changè du ſtile,
Et ſe vante l'ami des traitres du Congrès.

Such are the times—Ceaſe, uſeleſs Satire, ceaſe!
Each moment dire barbarities increaſe;
Ev'n whilſt I write a monſter fierce and huge
Has fix'd his ſtation in the land of Googe;
Virginian caitiff! * Jefferſon by name;
Perhaps from Jefferies ſprung of rotten fame:
His ſavage letter all belief exceeds,
And Congreſs glories in his brutal deeds:
In the dark dungeon † Hamilton is thrown,
The virtuous hero there diſdains to groan;
There with his brave companions, faithful friends,
Th' approaching hour in ſilence he attends,
When with his council ſhall the wretch expire,
Or by the Britiſh, or celeſtial fire.

O! may that hour be ſoon!---for pity's ſake,
Genius of Britain, from thy ſlumber wake;
Too long has Mercy ſpoke, but ſpoke in vain;
Let juſtice now in awful terror reign.

Am I deceiv'd, or ſee I in the eaſt
Tenfold the radiance of the day increas'd?
Britannia's guardian angel greets my eye,
In all th'unclouded luſtre of the ſky:

* *Vide note on the ſecond part.*

† *Major-Commandant at Fort Detroit and its dependencies: he was ſurprized by a party of rebels, and carried priſoner to Williamſburg.*

See his right hand a two-edg'd weapon wield,
The double croſs ſhines brilliant on his ſhield:
Hear him, ye juſt, and in his words rejoice;
Ye hearts of rancour, tremble at his voice.

'Yet, yet a little, and the door of grace
'Muſt cloſe for ever on an impious race:
'The ſun that viſits theſe unhappy climes,
'Is weary to behold inceſſant crimes:
'Angels appointed from the Throne Divine
'To guard the land their hopeleſs charge reſign:
'No more their gentle pleadings interpoſe;
'Yet, yet a little, and the door ſhall cloſe.

'Ungrateful country! by my arms ſecur'd,
'In thy behalf what have I not endur'd?
'When from my graſp the ſceptre thou wouldſt rend,
'From me, thy patron, thy protecting friend,
'Did I not check my thunder in mid-air,
'Far leſs inclin'd to puniſh than to ſpare?
'Have I not labour'd ceaſeleſs to reclaim
'Thy frantic ſons from miſery and ſhame?
'With bounty carried to exceſs I ſtrove
'Thy doubts, however cauſeleſs, to remove:
'As ſpeaks a father to his only child,
'Amidſt repeated provocations mild;
'So have I wiſh'd thy errors to forgive,
'And bid thee turn from wickedneſs and live.

'For

'For this thy malice, ſwelling like a flood,
'Has overpaſs'd all bounds, and foam'd with blood;
'Outrage has follow'd outrage, ſhocking ſight!
'And ſtreets have echoed, pulpits teem'd with ſpite:
'The raving calumny, the dirty lie,
'Treach'rous eſcape, aſſaſſination ſly,
'All monſtrous crimes, which fiends themſelves reject,
'Within thy walls claim'd honour and reſpect:
'Whatever honeſt, peaceable, or pure,
'Dwelt in thy reach to feel thy hate was ſure;
'The virtuous man was odious to the cauſe,
'And he who ſinn'd the moſt, gain'd moſt applauſe.

'At length the day of vengeance is at hand;
'Th'exterminating Angel takes his ſtand;
'Hear the laſt ſummons, rebels, and relent,
'Yet but a moment is there to repent:
'Lo! the great Searcher ready at the door,
'Who means deciſively to purge his floor;
'Yes, the wiſe Sifter now prepares the fan
'To ſeparate the meal from uſeleſs bran;
'Down to the centre from his burning ire,
'Ye foes of goodneſs and of truth, retire;
'And ye, who now lie humbled in the duſt,
'Shall raiſe your heads, ye loyal, and ye juſt;
'Th' approving ſentence of your Sov'reign gain,
'And ſhine refu'gent as the ſtarry train.

'Then,

'Then, when eternal juſtice is appeas'd,
'When with due vengeance heav'n and earth are pleas'd,
'America, from dire pollution clear'd,
'Shall flouriſh yet again belov'd, rever'd;
'In duty's lap her growing ſons be nurs'd,
'And her laſt days be happier than her firſt.'

THE END.

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